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Elizabeth Pepse,
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Halifax, Nov. 15, 1846.

Dearly beloved Friend:

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With a head full of confusion, but with a heart overflowing with kind and grateful emotions, I seize my pencil to announce to you our safe arrival at this place, in the remarkably quick passage of eleven days from Liverpool; and as we are only 400 miles from Boston, we shall probably reach that city on Tuesday, (to day is Sunday,) thus making our entire voyage in thirteen days — the shortest passage ever made, I believe, by any steamer, at this season of the year. The weather has been unexpectedly bland, and we have very fortunately escaped without encountering a single gale of wind — though we have had a few squalls, with some rough sea. Short as the voyage has been, in reality, it has seemed almost interminable to me. I have been sick and watched nearly all the passage, beyond every thing that I have ever before experienced. Till within the last

two days, I have scarcely sat up
an hour a day, but have kept to
my berth, unable to relish any food,
unable to digest such as I took,
unable to sleep during the long and
almost seemingly endless nights,) and
wholly disinclined to make any
acquaintance among the passengers,
or enter into conversation with any
one. O, I do dislike the ocean, as
a highway of transportation! Com-
mend me to dry land, and railway
carriages! My wretched hours were
happily solaced by thinking of my
visit to Fleetams, (too short, alas!
too short,) and of the numerous and
dearly beloved friends I had left
behind me, and of the interesting
scenes through which I had so
rapidly passed during my sojourn
in Britain. They were relieved, too,
by the transporting thought that I
was rapidly approaching my cher-
ished home, and, Providence per-
mitting, soon to be permitted to em-
brace my dear wife and children.

If any man was ever blessed with an affectionate and loving wife, I am that man; and if ever children had a watchful, assiduous, devoted mother, mine have. I tell Helen that the only fear I have is, that her attachment for me is carried to an undue extent. She always feels my absence so keenly, that I never leave home without great reluctance; though she never wishes me to forego the discharge of any duty to please her. May I ever prove worthy of one so confiding, faithful, and loving!

How many things I shall have to communicate on my return home! It will be a busy time with me, both with the tongue and pen, for some weeks to come. Our Bazaar week will doubtless be one of great animation, and I shall have to be a sort of fixture to it, until its termination. I hope we shall not be deprived of the use of Granville Hall; for, in that case, we shall really be put into a serious predicament, as we have no other hall in the city large enough for

our purpose. There are several boxes of articles for the Bazaar in the Acadia.

I pray you, dear E., to let me hear from you, as often as convenient. I feel much solicitude on the score of your health, and long to hear of your complete restoration. I am determined not to abandon the hope, (smile as you will,) of one day seeing you in Boston, and under my roof! "Hope on, hope ever," says Miss Leslie, and it shall be my motto.

In writing at any time to Mary Martin, please convey to her my warmest remembrances, and assure her that she stands high on my list of friends.

I desire to be cordially remembered to your amiable brother John, and his excellent wife.

My head whisks - it is a painful effort to write even a sentence - and I must hastily bid you adieu! Faithfully yours,
E. P. Wm. Lloyd Garrison.